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PURE—made direct from the

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Of a good, bracing

DRINK,

CALL FOR

Old Henry Whiskey.

Always the same.

Mild, Mellow

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It is one of the FINEST PLACES in the

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Wines and Liquors, imported and domestic.

Oysters all the year round, a specialty.

Half-shell, per dozen, 20 cents.

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Half-fry, 20 cents.

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Ham and Eggs, 25 cents.

Porterhouse Steak, 25 cents.

Everything in season.

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What Would You Give For A Good Appetite?

The hungry boy is the strong and healthy boy. Farmers and horsemen never buy animals that are dainty and won't eat—not if they know it. The man or woman who cannot eat, cannot work long, will soon be sick.

We know something that will give you an appetite. It will not be a fictitious appetite such as is aroused by powerful drugs, but a healthy appetite for good food. It will also arouse the vital organs not only to an appetite for wholesome food, but it will put them in condition to take care of food, to grow strong from it.

This preparation is called Vinol. Its composition is no secret. It is a happy combination of the valuable and essential principles of cod liver oil, with iron and a good table wine. It is pleasant to taste, and both nourishes and creates an appetite for nourishment. Thousands upon thousands of bottles have been sold on the guarantee of money back if not satisfied with the results, and it is very rare to have a customer call for the money.

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We beg to announce that we have

opened a first class

Market House

ON THIRD STREET.

Housekeepers will always find the

best of Fresh Meats.

The ladies are invited to inspect the

Market House.

A commodious refrigerator for storing

and keeping Meats.

WE ASK A TRIAL.

Respectfully,

HUBBARD

&

GILLIAM.

PHONE NO. 120.

Suggestions For Xmas Shopping

1st. Go to BLANTON'S JEWELRY

STORE.

2d. If it's a present for mother or father,

ask to see House Keeping Articles in

both Sterling and Plate. Combs and

Brushes in genuine Ebony and Sterling

Silver. Trinkets, Gold Spectacles and

Eye Glasses, and various articles too

numerous to mention.

3rd. Is it for your BEST GIRL?

We call your

ESPECIAL ATTENTION

to our Gold, Silver and plain combination

head Silk Umbrellas—something

new. Opal and Diamond rings, plated

and Gold Brooches, Watches, Secret

Lockets with chains.

4th. Something for a friend? Then

I can suggest almost an endless variety

of useful and ornamental articles suitable

for the purpose. See our new line of

CHINA WARE

just added to our stock. Scarf Pins,

Cuff Buttons, Pens, Gold Plated Clocks,

Sterling Silver Novelties in the new

French gray finish—the latest.

W. T. BLANTON.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Beware of Counterfeits.

Refuse all

Substitutes.

The faithful ones know I'll be sent

away now. I heard him talking loud

in there, and telling her something

about not paying any attention to

two children.

"You are 15, and I am 23," said

the laughing one. "Two good-sized

children, I should think—especially

as the colonel was married at 20. I

have the license in my pocket, Nellie.

Run and get your hat and come

around to the side gate. We'll go

up to Mr. Morrison's and be mar-

ried. He's been married lately him-

self, and I'll know how to sympathize

DEPARTED GLORY.

How sad I used to be in those old days
away back then.
Before I knew the world was full of
hidden snares and care;
Before it was a task to hold the skin
as mother would
The crimson yarn while here and there
a stubborn snail was found;
I thought my lot a dismal one, as sit-
ting there at night
I heard the humming spinning wheel and
watched the firelight
Dance out across the floor and back as
fairly dancers might.

Ah, how I used to long to see the world
I'd read about.
To pack my little carpet-bag and boldly
sally out!
Reluctantly I used to bow my head upon
the chair
When father found that it was time to
say the evening prayer.
And thinking that my lot was hard—ah,
how absurd it seems—
I went up to my little bed beneath the
silk-washed beams,
And, far away from worldly cares, had
proud, ambitious dreams.

Oh, there is much that I have learned
about the world since then.
And much I've seen that serves to wake
the wonderment of men;
The world is far more splendid than I
dreamed that it could be.
As lying 'neath the rough-hewn beams
fair visions came to me—
But on great glory the world has
passed away for ever.
I never again may hold the skin as
mother would back down,
Or, with the fire's low, kneel down while
father offers prayer.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A GARDEN PLOT.

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

The mere supposition of such a
thing set the minister's lips,
and sent a spark into his calm blue eyes.
"Stand up!" he said.

It was at this awful moment that
they heard the sharp click of the
gate-latch, and Nell cast a terrified
glance between the lace curtains.
The light of the street lamp showed
two figures hurrying up the walk.

"Oh, here they both come!" cried
Nell, in an agony of fear. "They're
followed us! Oh, do save us, some-
body!"

"Here, into the back parlor!" Mrs.
Morrison was already pushing them
under the portieres. "Now do keep
still!" she warned.

"If you can throw them off the
scent," cried Tom, running back and
wringing the minister's hand. "If
you could just lie a little—"

"He can't, but I can!" said Mrs.
Morrison, eagerly. "Here they come—
what's the use if you don't keep
out of sight?"

Col. Drane and Mrs. Grayson might
easily have noticed that there was an
air of subdued excitement in the
parlor to which they were admitted,
that Mr. Morrison's hand shook, and
that a look of indignation and high
resolve was on Mrs. Morrison's face.

But the truth was, they did not
notice it, for they had larger matters
in hand. How guilty did the Rever-
end Felix feel when he saw Col. Drane
cast a stony glance around the room!

"Very pleasant weather," said the
Reverend Felix, with an air of deep
impressiveness.

"Very," said the Colonel, dryly.
Tom, in the back parlor, groaned in
spirit at the sound of that voice.

"I thought this morning that we
should have rain," ventured Mr. Mor-
rison, firmly; "but the clouds—"

"Ah, yes!" said Col. Drane, curtly.
"But we come up to see—"

"Certainly!" Mr. Morrison hasten-
ed to assure him. He felt that he
could hear Tom and Nell breathing
in the back parlor.

"Now for it!" whispered Tom,
holding Nell carefully to keep her
from fainting. "The worst will be
over in a few minutes!"

"The fact is," said the Colonel,
fixing the unhappy minister with his
eye and speaking in an awed voice
and with a very red face, "Mrs. Mor-
rison and myself have come up to be
married!"

Rev. Felix Morrison tottered
against the mantelpiece in the front
parlor, and Tom tottered against the
mantelpiece in the back parlor, but
the Colonel went on, belligerently,
"We have chosen this method because
we do not wish any gossip or re-
mark, and because my son and Mrs.
Grayson's daughter have shown
themselves so plainly opposed to any
hint of it—"

Mrs. Felix Morrison had gone off in-
to the back parlor and into hysterics,
and was laughing and crying at a
great rate. Tom had set Nell down
in an easy chair, and was rubbing
his chin with his hand as well as he
could, for a most dignified grin.

"If the young people are opposed to
it," said Mr. Morrison, chokingly,
"would it not be better to wait awhile
and gain their consent?"

"No, sir, it would not!" roared the
Colonel, testily. "They have been
holding secret meetings and plotting
against us for days! I do not pro-
pose to be dictated to by two such
snips of children! Here is the license,
sir. We are both of age, I think.
Mrs. Morrison can witness—"

And then, as they stood up, two
figures swooped down upon them
and stood facing them, side by side,
holding each other's hand.

"Well, father," said Tom, severe-
ly, "I must say I am scandalized.
Running away to be married! And
at your time of life!"

"Tom!" ejaculated the Colonel,
"What—what—"

"I wouldn't have thought it of you,
mamma!" said Nellie, with much
spirit. "To think of you doing such a
thing without saying a word to me!"

"A pretty thing this will be to get
out of!" remarked Tom, regarding his
father, gloomily. "How is a young
fellow to get up in the world if his
father runs away and gets married
every time he takes a notion?"

"And what an example to set be-
fore me!" said Miss Nellie, primly.
Mrs. Grayson had already sank into
a chair and buried her face in a hand-
kerchief, and now the Colonel sank
into another one close by. He felt
very weak.

"Now that you both know it, Tom,"
he said, feebly, "I don't mind wait-
ing and being married quietly at home
some day, but the side gate has shown
some determined hostility—"

"We'll have the wedding at home,"
said Tom, willing to show a forgiv-
ing disposition. "And while we are

with us—

"Run away? Oh, Tom, let's not
run away!" was the frightened whis-
per that came out of the cabbage-
garden.

But the young man on the other
side of the fence had the license, and,
besides, he had the girl's heart. It
began to be apparent that there was
no other way. The end of it was
that Nell came out of the side gate,
trembling at every sound in the house
she had just left, and she and Tom
started off hand in hand, like two
children.

"Oh, I feel certain she'll overtake
me!" she cried presently, in a panic.
"Let's run—we can beat them both
running!" suggested Tom. And so
they both ran, holding each other's
hand, and laughing, because they
were not very old, and running away
seems a kind of joke to us and to
them.

They arrived at the Rev. Felix Mor-
rison's quite breathless and full of
laughter; and Felix Morrison's girl-
wife laughed with them, and clapped
her hands on hearing that they were
going to be married right away. The
Rev. Felix himself demurred. They
were both very young—had they pre-
sented the matter properly to those
who had authority over them?

"Oh, that's all right!" said Tom,
cheerfully. "We've done everything
we could—begged and implored and
entreated—they were hard as a rock.
Here's the license—Mrs. Morrison
can witness—fire ahead!"

"Now do, Felix!" begged the little
wife on the other side. "They love
each other—almost as much as you
and I do. Suppose anything had kept
us apart?"

The mere supposition of such a
thing set the minister's lips, and
sent a spark into his calm blue eyes.
"Stand up!" he said.

It was at this awful moment that
they heard the sharp click of the
gate-latch, and Nell cast a terrified
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"We'll have the wedding at home,"
said Tom, willing to show a forgiv-
ing disposition. "And while we are

about it we will have a double wed-

ding—you and Mrs. Grayson, Nell and I—

"You! You two!" cried Mrs. Gray-
son, emerging from her hand